

Washington's Ways

By Cassie Moncure Lyne

1 IN RICHMOND, the Capital city of the Commonwealth, claiming the distinction of Mother of Presidents, the birthday anniversary of George Washington celebrated on February 22nd (O. S. 1782). Eleven years later, according to New Style, the date adopted was February the 22nd.

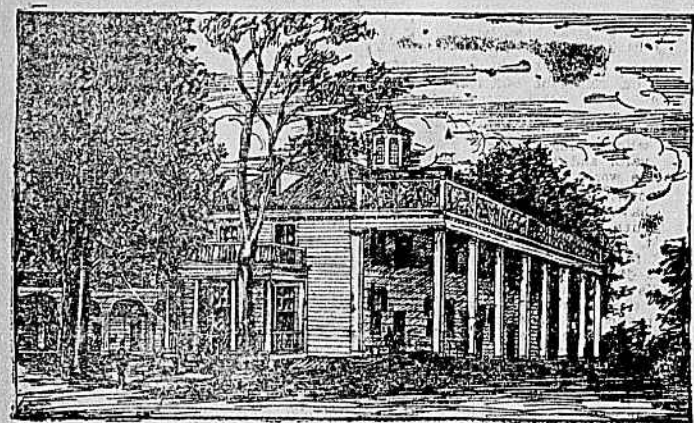
So much has been written of Washington that nothing new remains to be told. The true George Washington, first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts



WASHINGTON COAT OF ARMS.

of his countrymen. Is an American cube, rooted in the affections of every man, woman and child throughout the Union—so that the ways and whims of Washington can never be told too often. **MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.**

His mother, whose influence moulded to a great degree his character, was Mary Ball, the daughter of Colonel Joseph Ball, of Lancaster county, Va. She was a just woman, not only to her own offspring, but to her husband's children by his first marriage to Jane, her sister, towards whose memory the second wife fell so jealously, for having married a widower, Mary Ball sensibly accepted her position. This was shown by a circumstance happening when the bride first came to the home of her husband. On one of the tables lay a book, evidently the property of the deceased spouse, as her name, Jane Washington, was inscribed on the fly-leaf. The new wife deliberately wrote by it "and Mary Washington." It was Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," and was used by the step-mother in rearing the children of the family. Which of these women Augustine Washington really loved best, it would be unfair to suggest. He spoke of his marriage as "ventures," and bequeathed at his death the bulk of his property to his first wife's oldest son, which indicated

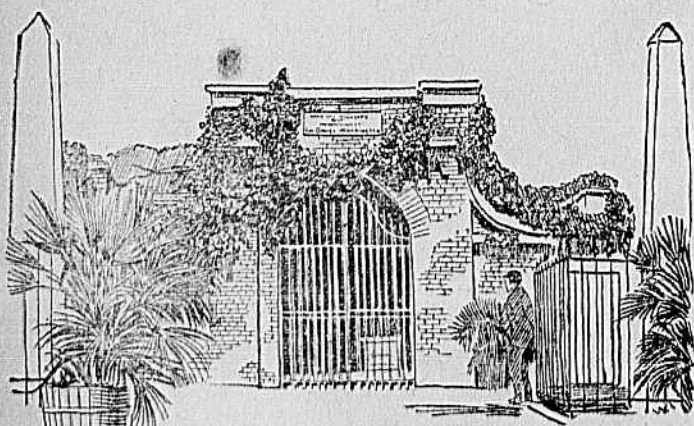


MOUNT VERNON, HIS HOME.

no special preference, as the English law of primogeniture was then customary in the "Old Dominion." When George Washington was twenty-three years old, however, the estate of Mount Vernon reverted by death, to him.

MOUNT VERNON. Situated in the county of Fairfax, sixteen miles below the Capital City, and overlooking the placid waters of the Potomac, it is one of the spots blessed by Nature with all the advantages for a beautiful homestead. The house is of wood, hewn to represent stone. In 1833 it became the property of the Mount Vernon Association, and is thus preserved as a shrine for the many pilgrims wishing to visit the home of Washington. At Mount Vernon were spent the happiest moments of Washington's busy life, which included forty years of public service.

The estate takes its name from Admiral Vernon, under whom Washington's brother served in the British Navy. Originally the place was called "Epsewamun" or "Hunting Creek," a name most suitable, as the ways of Washington were those of a sportsman as well as a poet. From his diary may be noted his going "hunting" with Jacky Custis, and "a fishing." With the generosity that made him famous in recounting



HIS TOMB AT MT. VERNON

his luck at sturgeon fishing, he records that sometimes "we had one" and sometimes "caught none."

WASHINGTON'S WEDDING. On the 6th of January (Old Style), a magnificent coach and four horses drove up to the White House in New Kent. In a rode a typical-looking cavalier, clad in scarlet. By his side sat a smiling woman; they were his Excellency, Governor and Mrs. Fauquier, arrived to attend the marriage of George Washington

to the widow Custis. The wedding was a notable one, and is believed to have taken place at old St. Peter's Church, though the honeymoon was spent at the bride's home, the White House, so that Washington might be convenient to the Assembly at Williamsburg, for already he was a member of the House of Burgesses.

The groom, twenty-seven years of age, stood six feet, two in his stockings; his brown hair was worn in a queue, his face was smooth, for not until twenty years later was it pock-marked. His blue eyes were smiling, for his was a most excellent humor at having won her, his wife, whom he loved at first sight. In a blue coat lined with red silk, wearing a white satin embroidered waistcoat, gold knee and shoe buckles and with his sword hanging by his side, Washington awaited the little bride. In dress of white satin, quilted petticoat and high-heeled slippers, her hair ornamented with pearls, she plighted her troth to Washington, bringing with her, a dowry greatly increased by her inheritance from her late husband, the wealthy Daniel Parke Custis. Her share in his estate amounted to 15,000 acres of land, between two and three hundred negroes, besides lots in Williamsburg and a large amount of money.

WASHINGTON AND THE CUSTIS CHILDREN.

In the management of her affairs Washington relieved his wife of all the worry possible. He was also a faithful stepfather to her two Custis children—John and Martha, or Jacky and Patsy, as they were called.

We find Washington writing to England for a fashionable doll, to cost a guinea, for the little girl, and also ordering toys. Later he gave them prayer-books and Bibles. Patsy died just as Jacky was budding "into womanhood," but Jacky lived until after the siege of Fort Mifflin, where he served as a colonel of militia. He left at his death four children, two of whom Washington adopted as his grandchildren, taking them to live at Mount Vernon. They were George Washington Parke and Eleanor Parke Custis, George Washington Parke Custis inherited from his father the estate of Arlington, which he left to his daughter and only child, Mary Anne Randolph Lee, the wife of Robert E. Lee. Eleanor Custis, commonly called "Little Nell," was the darling of General Washington's heart. For her he bought not only a piano (still to be seen at Mt. Vernon), but a harpsichord, costing a thousand dollars, and also earrings and a watch. Numerous suitors flocked to pay her court, and it was a subject of some uneasiness to Washington to her selection. "Be assured," he once counselled her, "a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool." When finally Lawrence Lewis provided her choice, the General was more than gratified. For this was his favorite nephew. In the capacity of secretary to his uncle, young Lewis had lived under the Mount Vernon roof, thus enjoying the privilege of propinquity in love-making. It was Nel-

son's salary was 344 pounds, 12 shillings, 1 anna and 3-4 pence. His fisheries added also to his income, for in a single year as many as 85,000 herrings were sold. Besides these sources of revenue, in 1790 his livestock were valued at seven hundred pounds.

WASHINGTON'S HORSES AND HOUNDS.

His stables included thorough-breeds; and his favorite horse was Blueskin. Washington was a good rider, and during firm his steel. Usually he was in at the death of the fox. His kennels were maintained until 1788, when they were abolished and deer park established. Fancy the pink light of an October morning stealing into the sky, the sweet-gums, autumn-tinted, the Virginia creeper like garlands of scarlet mingling with the yellow leaves of hickory and old Reynard is already up, for behind him in hot chase come the hounds. The black grinning face of Billy Lee shows through the thicket, urging them on, for he is the master of the hounds. The rhythmic names of the dogs, True Love, Sweetlips and Music mingle with the din of horns in the distance and then the cavalcade of hunters. They are the Lees, the Fairfaxes, Lewises and Gays. Washington with Bishop, his body-servant, wearing the Washington livery of scarlet, gold and white.

WASHINGTON'S OPINION ON SLAVERY.

Bishop had come to this country as the valet of Braddock, a fur whose death he entered into the service of Washington, receiving annually ten pounds as his wages. Washington always designated his slaves as "my people." He also em-

ployed white laborers on his plantation. He was a kind master, providing well for the comfort of his negroes. A doctor was engaged by the year to look after their health. Billy Lee was his favorite, and by his death he was left an annuity of thirty dollars and his freedom if he so desired, otherwise he was always to be provided with his victuals and clothes.

Such was the intimacy of this slave in the Mount Vernon household that Savage included him when painting the Washington family circle. The views of "The Father of his country" on this subject are well developed by later events. When South Carolina refused to pass an act to terminate the slave trade, Washington wrote: "I must say that I lament the decision of your Legislature upon the question of importing slaves after 1793. I was in hopes that motives of policy as well as other good reasons, supported by the direct effect of slavery, which at this moment are presented, would have operated to have produced a total prohibition of slaves whenever the question came to be agitated in any State that might be interested in the measure. In reference to slaves in Virginia, he thus expressed himself: 'With from the bottom of my soul that the Legislature of this State could see the policy of a gradual abolition of slavery, it would prevent much future mischief.'"

In a letter to a Pennsylvanian, he voiced the same sentiments: "I can only say," wrote Washington, "that there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by the legislative authority; and the farther as my suffrage shall go, shall never be wanting."

WASHINGTON'S RELIGION. Much has been said of the religious life of Washington. Though a man who reckoned his ancestry of little moment, yet through his father and mother, Washington was descended from the Cavaliers; his forebears being ardent supporters of "the Church of England." This was his creed by inheritance. At one time he was a vestryman in the Church near Mount Vernon. An incident showing how painstaking were the ways of Washington may be cited in this connection. A new church was to be built, as the old one was past use.

eribed by General Washington to the God of God and the order of "Divine service" should be performed next day in the different brigades, and recommends that all troops not on duty "do assist at it with a serious deportment and that sensibility of heart which the

with, although the world may think us void of religion and incapable of good instruction."

In 1774 a fast day was observed on account of the difficulties brooding with the Mother Country, and in the diary of the Burgess George Washington this entry occurs: "June 1st, Wednesday, went to church and fasted all day." The surrender of Yorktown was as-

Washington responded with: "The King of France," and Lord Cornwallis simply "The King." Quick as a flash Washington supplemented: "Of England, confine him there. I'll drink him a full bumper."

There is another circumstance told in connection with a British officer, in which the wit of Washington was displayed. When Sir Henry Clinton commanded the English he tried to insult Washington by sending him under a flag of truce, a dispatch addressed to "Mr. Washington." General Washington immediately said to the bearer: "This is directed to a planter in the State of Virginia. I shall have it delivered to him at the end of the war, till that time it shall not be opened."

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON. In the tomb at Mount Vernon, George and Martha Washington lie side by side. The old negro guide tells all the pilgrims that "de key ter de vault am throw'd in der ribber, souse nobody ken eber find his ter sturb de luminous dail."

This old darkness is very polite and discriminating. If the visitor's voice indicate a Northern accent, while smoothing his uniform of blue, old Henry will say: "See dese close, I ain't neber been happy till I got 'em on." If the next pilgrim talks with a Southern drawl, he says: "See dese close, I see so shamed ob dem, I jist dunt know what ter do, but dey makes me wat 'em; an' ter tink I use blong ter de Fitzhughs tew, an' dey an' de Lees an' de Washingtons was all mixed up, my folks was de quality an' I neber 'spect ter see de day when I'd be wearin' Yankee blues. De good Lord know I kint help myself, yes He do, He knows."

WHIMS. (Selections For The Little Ones.) A PUZZLING QUESTION. If all the trees were cherry-trees, And every little boy Should have, like young George Washington, A hatchet for his toy, And use it in a way unwise, What should we do for cherry pies? —(Selected).

THE REASON WHY. A Boston schoolmaster asked one day, Children, tell me if you can, I pray,

Truth' goodness, skill and glory high His whole life did adorn.

In seventeen hundred, seventy-five The chief command he took Of all the army in the State And ne'er his flag forsook.

In seventeen hundred, eighty-three Retired to private life, He saw his much-loved country free From battle and from strife.

In seventeen hundred, eighty-nine, The country with one voice Proclaimed him President to shine Blessed by the people's choice.

In seventeen hundred, ninety-nine The nation's tears were shed

Tears from each comrade are falling For the widow and orphan are there. The bayonets earthward are turning And the drum's muffled notes roll around.

But he heeds not the voice of their mourning, Nor awakes to the bugle sound.

Rest soldier! Though many regret thee, And weep round thy cold hero to-day, Soon, soon will the kindest forget thee, And thy name from the earth pass away.

The friend thou didst love as a brother, A friend in thy stead will have gained Thy dog shall keep watch for another, And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

But the many who weep o'er thee sadly, Soon joyous as ever shall be,

To see the patient life resign And sleep among the dead.

As first in war and first in peace, As patriot, father, friend, He will be blessed till time shall cease, And earthly hopes shall end.

—The Young People's Speaker.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. "How did George Washington look?" asked Nell.

E'en thy bright orphan boy will laugh gladly, As he sits on some kind comrade's knee— There is one who will still pay the duty Of tears to the true and the brave, As when first in the bloom of her beauty, She wept by the soldier's grave.

When Washington was President, He saw full many an icicle; But never on a railroad went, And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp, Nor heard about the Yellowstone; He never licked a postage stamp, And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at the knees; By wire he could not send dispatch.

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He filled his lamp with whale oil grease And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days, it's come to pass, All work is with such dashing done— We've all these things; but then, alas! We seem to have no Washington.

—Beden.

WASHINGTON AND I. A little street Arab was Johnny McGee, Ragged and friendless and homeless was he; But Johnny, though ragged, was clever and bright, And he knew the difference between wrong and right.

Now, it happened one morning, that Johnny feeling gay, And ready for all kinds of mischief and play; His little strong arms were tossing up stones, Regardless of danger to head and to bone.

But alas! for poor Johnny! for what do you think? It happened that one stone, as quick as a wink, Went, whack! against the window of Squire B's house.

And poor frightened Johnny wished he were a mouse— To be able to hide in the first hole he found, if it discovered would suffer, he knew.

And keep himself hidden away under ground, For the beautiful window was cracked right in two, And Johnny if discovered would suffer, he knew.

But hark! he hears music away down the street! He knows there are soldiers, he hears the drum beat, And Johnny remembers whose birthday it is.

And a sudden resolve lights his pale little face, "They say Mr. Washington ne'er told a lie, When he was a little chap—neither will

And maybe some day, when I'm grown up dead, Folks will build a big monument over my head."

Only just a few moments of mute hesitation, Then feeling as grand as the Head of the Nation, In walked little Johnny straight up to the Squire.

And while he was speaking his courage rose higher, And presently when he was back into the street, Speeding after the soldiers with fast speeding feet.

"Hurrah," he cried gayly, "for Washington and I. For we are the chaps that would not tell a lie."

—Youth's Companion.

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1810. In seventeen hundred, thirty-two George Washington was born;

1811. In seventeen hundred, thirty-two George Washington was born;

What was he like? Won't you please to tell?

Thus I answered: "A courtly man, Wearing his honors as heroes can, Erect and tall, with his six feet two; Knee-breeches, buckles, frills and a queue;

Powdered brown hair, blue eyes, far apart; Strong-limbed and fearless with gentle heart; Gracious in manner toward every one— Such, my Nellie, was Washington."

(Selected).

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